

## THE SAN FRANCISCO CALL

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## ABOUT THE FORESTS.

THE sessions of the National Forestry Congress in Washington have been unusually lively. The Secretary of Agriculture delivered an address which will be long remembered. He made a reasonable presentation of the whole subject of the effect of denudation of the surface of land in the arid region. The grass and forage plants and the forests in those regions have the same function and perform the same office in the conservation of moisture and its storage in the ground. The grazing lands of the country, fit only for grazing, have been rapidly returned to desert conditions by overstocking, and the forests are in danger of destruction by excessive and destructive lumbering. Logically, the preservation of the forests by conservative lumbering and of the ranges by conservative stocking go together, and it is for the Government, in co-operation with the lumbermen and stockmen, to reach a policy that will secure these desirable results.

President Roosevelt also delivered a notable address, and like the Secretary of Agriculture, spoke from abundant knowledge. He has been a stock ranger and has a wide acquaintance with Western forest conditions. He also returns the confidence which the West has just given to him, and is of the opinion that the Western people can be relied on to promote measures for the conservation of moisture by proper handling of forests and grazing lands. After these two very useful and suggestive addresses, Mr. Maxwell appeared upon the scene, in battle array, and emitted epithets and accusations as a Gatling does bullets. He antagonized the President's statement of the disposition of the Western people and declared them unfit to be trusted in the management of lands and unworthy to be taken into counsel about measures that concern themselves.

The West will feel this blow. It is probable that no greater misfortune can happen to any section of the country than to fall under Mr. Maxwell's displeasure and condemnation. Hereafter, when the forest and range are under discussion, the session will be executive and the West will withdraw. It is true that there are land frauds in the arid region and the West. But there have been frauds and charges of fraud in all of the public land States. Land hunger is not a new appetite. It was felt by past generations and to satisfy it men aforesaid were willing to risk barking the shins of their reputations against the law. Just now there is ample proof that land hunger is responsible for fraud and criminality, and men in high station are put upon their defense for complicity. But to make this the basis for a wholesale impeachment of the honesty, honor and public spirit of the West is to utter spiteful nonsense, which merely expresses the keen disappointment of Mr. Maxwell because the West defeated his scheme for getting millions out of the treasury for irrigation that would never find their way back.

The Western members of Congress who, against his opposition, framed the Federal irrigation law provided therein that the fund should be supplied from the proceeds of the sale of public land, and that it should be a revolving fund, every dollar of it finally going back into the treasury. It is painful for some men to think of a dollar once taken out of the treasury ever getting back home, and this feeling has actuated much of the war whooping against the West to which the Eastern people are treated. The West averages as honest, trustworthy and public spirited as any section of the country.

If anything can discredit the forest policy of the country, as reasonably promoted by the President, the Department of Agriculture and Mr. Pinchot, it is Mr. Maxwell's demand that we appropriate as much annually for the forest as we do for the navy and for fortifications. Every forester knows what forestry in Europe proves, that scientific administration of the forests will not only pay its own cost, but will yield a revenue that may be diverted to other public purposes, or may be devoted to the reforestation of denuded lands. The continued insistence that we cannot preserve our forests, handle them conservatively, use them for economic purposes and at the same time make them permanently productive of timber and permanently conservative of moisture, without taking two hundred millions a year from the national treasury, will discredit the whole movement and condemn it as a gigantic graft. We want more educated foresters and fewer forest orators and men who declaim in millions and try to use sentiment as a jimmy to open the treasury.

Under the wise and conservative policy of Mr. Pinchot the owners of timber land, who may do what they please with it, may destroy it at one lumbering or may make of it permanent forest, are everywhere asking for trained foresters to guide them in so cutting their ripe timber as to preserve the growing crop. Admonished by the wasteful lumbering of the pine lands of Wisconsin and Minnesota, the millmen are acquiring respect for scientific forestry that was not felt by the early lumbermen of the Middle West. They find in the forests of the semi-arid and Pacific Coast region natural conditions most favorable to the permanency and rapid growth of the valuable coniferous forests. They are beginning to see their own permanent interests through the wise eyes of Mr. Pinchot, and it is safe to say that if foresting can be kept out of the hands of the grafters the Western forests, that are profitable and productive now, will be profitable and productive and conservative of moisture centuries from now. All this will come about without breaking into the treasury, but by replenishing it. The West can be trusted as implicitly as any section of the country and pleads not guilty to Mr. Maxwell's indictment.

## AS TO ELIGIBILITY.

AMONG the candidates figuring in the Senatorial contest at Sacramento is Mr. Fisk, Postmaster of this city. He is a worthy and able man, but is he eligible? The State constitution, article IV, section 20, says: "No person holding any lucrative office under the United States, or any other power, shall be eligible to any civil office of profit under this State; provided, that officers in the militia who receive no annual salary, local officers or postmasters whose compensation does not exceed \$500 per annum, shall not be deemed to hold lucrative offices." The office of Senator of the United States is held under this State. The State issues the commission which makes a man Senator. It is therefore a State position. The United States cannot choose a man or commission him to that office.

It is true that the Federal constitution makes the Senate the judge of the election and qualification of its own members, and the Senate is competent to disregard the provisions of the State constitution respecting eligibility. But before the question can reach the Senate the State has to act by its Legislature. The Legislature is created by the constitution of the State, each member taking an oath to support that instrument. The Legislature cannot disregard a constitutional requirement respecting eligibility. The Legislature is bound by the constitution, and the constitution makes it incompetent to elect an ineligible person to the Senate.

Here arises a very interesting question. Should the Legislature do what it is constitutionally incompetent to do, is not the act null and void? If so, the commission is void and its presentation gives the United States no jurisdiction. The State constitution also disqualifies the Governor for election to the Senate during his term. Would the Legislature violate the constitution by electing him in the face of that disqualification? Obviously it would. Then would it not also violate the constitution by electing any one disqualified under section 20, article IV?

The constitution especially grants the powers that may be exercised by each of the co-ordinate branches of the State government. An act in excess of the constitutional grant is in excess of the power of either branch, and the Legislature would exceed its power by assuming to elect a Senator that is disqualified. We do not know whether the United States Senate has ever passed upon the question in this form. But it has passed upon the competency of a body claiming to be a Legislature to elect a Senator. We think this was

## SIMPLE LOVE ALONE CAN LAST.

BY DOROTHY FENIMORE.

LOVE simply. It is harder than it looks if you are seeking difficult methods of expression. And it is easier than any one would believe who was not born with a gift for simplicity. At any rate, you had better try it, if you happen to be in love, yet have never done so.

The fact is, you see, that this constitutes the final test of affection. If you and your sweetheart cannot love happily on the level of every day you will have to wait indefinitely for your millennium.

Once, when I was crossing the ocean, an incident occurred which made me laugh at first, and then it made me sorry. In the steamer-chair right next to mine on deck was a pretty girl who was weeping silently but bitterly.

I could not help putting to her the sympathetic question: "What is it, my dear? Can I help you?"

She stopped crying long enough to look me over. Then her tears began anew.

"I didn't think that Charlie would ever see me with my hair out of curl," she sobbed.

And then, of course, I knew she was a bride. And I made a guess—which Charlie's attitude when he appeared changed into a conviction—as to what their courtship had been like; it was, without a doubt, a pretty little amourette, based on sentiment that was real as far as it went, but whose charm was chiefly of makeup and background. The young things did not know the first principles of companionship. They had not learned the A, B, C's of the art, or the science—which ever you choose—of loving on the level of every day.

The color on such a romance as this is as shallow as the tints on a butterfly's wing. You can rub them off with your finger.

Of course youth and maturity look at love from different standpoints. To the one it means a thrill, a throbbing of the pulses, a bewilderment of the senses, a sweet delirium of fancy. But to the latter, to whom time has brought the blessed knowledge that gray days are in their own way as beautiful as are the days of gold, love does not appear as a Fata Morgana, splendid mistress of all the treasure caverns of the earth, but as a household angel, with an aura of happiness encircling her gentle brow.

The poet Wordsworth, who, all his life, with simple, grateful heart, read nature's lessons from her open book,

wrote out of the wisdom of his great simplicity about the  
Little nameless, unremembered acts  
Of kindness and of love.

Believe me, each one of you, who is starting out upon a life journey with some other one whom your heart tells you is your mate, the little things, the simple things that you share together will be your traveler's joy. It is not enough that you are willing to share with another a single pilgrim's staff. You must be willing to share the cup by which you quench your living



thirst by the waters of life, bitter, or sweet, that spring up by the way you pass.

Love simply. Love with all the heart you have. There is no way that your capacity for loving can grow except through loving. And do not be afraid to say, "I love you" to the one to whom by your own act your love belongs. It is the sweetest way in the world of saying, "I forgive you." It is the most diplomatic way of gaining an "I love you" from your love's lips and heart.

done in the Montana case and also in the contest from Alabama against Spencer. In these cases rival bodies each claimed to be the lawful Legislature under the constitution of the State, and the Senate had to decide whether either body was competent under the constitution of the State to act as a Legislature. Surely there is a close legal analogy between the constitutional capacity of a Legislature to do anything and its competency to do one thing which the constitution forbids that it do.

We suggest the matter as of interest to constitutional lawyers and public men, and without any desire to injure the fortunes of any aspirant for the Senate.

## CALIFORNIA CEMENT.

HABIT and tradition play a conspicuous part in commerce. To them we owe the slow and hard fight that California winers have had to make to secure a market in their own country. To the same is due that long sustained belief that only imported hydraulic cement is fit for use. Scarcely any other article, excepting iron and coal, has entered as largely as cement into economic use in this country. A gentleman in New York with extensive relations to large constructive works said that in the past there had been the stone age and the iron age, but this might well be named the cement age, because the use of that material enters so generally into all construction. It is used to make artificial stone that outlasts either the igneous or sedimentary rocks, because its evenness of texture is absolutely under the control of the manufacturer. In concrete and a vast variety of forms cement is used and vast works would be impossible without it.

California has achieved the production of a hydraulic cement that equals the best imported article in all respects and excels it in some. Since this California article got into the market the importation of Belgian and German cement has declined 75 per cent. The domestic article has had to contend against disadvantages in transportation, as well as against habit and tradition, use and custom, and has been subjected to very trying tests, and that it has shut out three-fourths of the foreign cement is evidence that it has met all of the requirements of contractors and engineers. It is fortunate that this manufacture is permanently installed here, for the Government irrigation works will be sure to require large quantities of cement, and the availability of an American article should not escape the attention of those concerned.

Californians may well be proud that another vast use is made of the natural resources of the State by the conversion of its clays and stone into a cement that will soon be added to the list of exports of the country.

## THE OREGONIAN'S ANNUAL.

THE Portland Oregonian's Annual for the new year is one of the best edited and best illustrated newspaper supplements that have appeared during the holiday season anywhere in the West. Especial interest attaches to this issue because of the detailed account contained therein of every projected feature of the Lewis and Clark Centennial, which opens its doors to the world next summer. Every detail of the big fair, either now in the course of erection or soon to be completed, is pictured and described in an adequate manner. Furthermore, the paper conveys the cheering information that the exposition will be opened absolutely free from debt. Already the sum of \$1,510,000 has been subscribed by the United States Government, various State Legislatures and private corporations of Portland. With this substantial stockpiling in hand and prospects of more coming, the Oregonian is justified in announcing that financial difficulties will not be a feature of the fair's managing.

## THE PRESS OF THE NATION.

The doctrine that the Lord helps those who help themselves does not apply to shoplifters.—Baltimore Sun.

"Anxious" writes: "What are the duties of a father to his daughter's 'coming-out' party?" To put up and shut up.—New York Herald.

Senator Bacon's plea for the repeal of the fifteenth amendment is about as timely as the arrival of the iceman in a snowstorm.—Baltimore Sun.

Why should Mrs. Chadwick surprise us? Hasn't Secretary Shaw been telling us all along that money is plentiful and cheap?—Chicago Journal.

Last year Dr. Dowie paid debts to the amount of \$200,000. As a durable exponent of high finance the doctor has Cassie Chadwick beat several blocks.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

## GOTHAM PAYS HIGH PRICE FOR OUR BERRIES

Our market never refuses the consumer what he wants, no matter what the season, if he is able and willing to pay for it. Says a New York paper. Fresh strawberries are now appealing to the epicure, fresh, large, luscious strawberries from California, looking as tempting as the home variety in midsummer.

They are sold in boxes, modest boxes, that make no pretension to size. By actual count one of these boxes held thirty-one precious berries, for which the dealer asked \$1.25. That is an extremely small fraction more than four cents for each berry. There is not a large demand for these berries, but they are sold.

## BIG WHIST HAND.

A wonderful hand of whist was played at the St. Paul's Institute, Grimsby, recently.

The cards were shuffled and dealt in the usual way, but when the players looked at their hands they found that one of them (the dealer) had 12 spades, another 11 hearts, the third 12 diamonds, and the fourth 11 clubs. Spades were trumps, and the lucky dealer simply threw in his hand and claimed the 12 tricks.—London Mail.

## RAPID TRANSIT.

A lady whose friend asked her to find a maid for her wrote to a certain excellent servant, who, as she knew, was soon to be out of a place, and asked her if she would like to live with her friend, adding that the girl must let her know her decision at once. The following day the inquirer received a letter in an envelope decorated with ten one-cent stamps. In the letter, which proved to be from the maid, it was stated that she would like the place in question, and that to be on time with her answer she had sent her letter by "quick delivery."—Harper's Weekly.

## TALE OF LETTERS.

A man who hailed from over C's Desired a place to raise some B's. And as this chap was rather Y's He searched about with all his I's. He searched about for many days Unlike some rash and hasty J's; From wisest folk he took his Q's And found a farm that he could U's. Ere long he bought a flock of hens To help him out to gain his N's. With practiced folk he always G's. Attempts to raise no spice nor T's. But sturdy stuff he always grows And thus he pays all that he O's. He's money made on beans and P's And thus attained a life of E's.

—Houston Chronicle.

## LONG FAST.

After fasting for twenty-four days W. B. Lakenan of Montpelier ate his first hearty meal in Hartford City, Ind., a few nights ago at the New Era restaurant. He said: "For the past month I have not been feeling well, and as I am a believer in Christian science I would take no medicines. The trouble was with my blood, and I thought if I could quit eating for several days I would soon begin to feel better. For fourteen days I took nothing but a little lemon water. On the fifteenth day I took a cracker and drank a little ice water and became deathly sick. I began to fast again, and to-night is the first hearty meal I have eaten since I began fasting on the 13th day of November."

Lakenan said he was feeling exceptionally good, and from the size of the supper he ate at the restaurant he must have been.

## VEIL DANGERS.

According to the Petit Parisien, Paris ladies have just been warned authoritatively that the wearing of a veil adorned with a multitude of diseases of the eye. So is the wearing of veils covered with black or white spots, their special quality being to throw the eyes out of focus. "Illusion" veils of very fine material are said to be the least harmful, especially if they are black and worn close to the eyes. We believe that similar warnings have already been given. Indeed, one sometimes wonders what is the purpose of the spots on a veil. Really you might almost as well wear freckles on your spectacles.

## Too Big for Comprehension.

The sun is a million times larger than our earth, but if we increase the sun's size ten thousand times, we only reach the volume of such mammoth suns as Arcturus, Canopus, Antares, and Beta Centauri. It is estimated that a motor car traveling at the rate of 100 miles an hour would take 8000 years to go once round Beta Centauri, and far longer than this to go round either Arcturus or Canopus.

## Practical Joke Costs Wife.

Because he pulled a chair from under her at the moment she was about to sit down upon it, says a Kansas City special in the Chicago Tribune, Floy S. Anderson sued Martin E. Anderson yesterday for divorce. She alleges that she hit the floor so hard that it permanently injured her.

## A SLEEPER CINDERELLA

BY IZOLA FORRESTER.

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IT was late when Sercombe boarded the midnight special from Chicago to St. Louis. He felt annoyed. Every berth was taken except the upper one in section five. Nearly all the others were made up and occupied as well. He left his grip and overcoat on one of the seats and went to the smoking compartment for consolation.

Except for a stout, clean-shaven party at the end of the corner table he was alone. The train had left Joliet before Sercombe was on speaking terms with the stout party. He was J. Wilcox Wood of St. Louis, and "almighty glad to get back, sir."

Sercombe accepted the information unobscured. Just how any one could want to get back to St. Louis was beyond his comprehension. On that particular night he wished that St. Louis was a swamp, flooded by its own muddy river. To be hustled out of Chicago for six weeks, at the particular moment when he was expecting the firm to hand over the management of the New York office, was the hardest test



"I beg your pardon," he said, "but I think I have your slipper."

in business endurance that had come to him yet.

He was too young! That was what old Griswold had said. Parker, the junior partner, would have sent him down if he had had the say-so about the appointment. And he had thought he was solid with the old man, too. During the four years he had been with the firm he had tried faithfully to do the square thing. Griswold had said that he liked him, too, personally.

"You're all right, boy. Keep jogging. You'll get there, all right—only keep cool. You're a bit too much this side of thirty to take hold of the New York end. I want to give you a whirl in St. Louis."

Sercombe rose suddenly and threw away his cigar savagely. J. Wilcox Wood was chatting volubly on the other side of the table on the renaissance epoch in St. Louis that was to follow the World's Fair.

"Get in on the ground floor, old man. If you see anything coming your way down here hit it to kill. It's certainly going to be the center of the circle."

"Good night," said Sercombe curtly. "I'm going to bed."

His berth had been made up and he climbed to it with silent, philosophical resentment against the combine of the spinning ladies who held the thread of fate, to make him generally uncomfortable. He had just fallen asleep when something struck him in the face and he awakened with a shock, expecting the horrors of a wreck to crash in on him. But absolute peace and quiet reigned through the car. The opalescent globes on the lamps trembled slightly with the motion of the train, but that was all.

Sercombe sat up and reached for his watch under the pillow. As he did so his hand came in contact with the mischievous character of the person who had pulled the pillow. It was a lady's slipper—a small, black, patent leather affair. The heel was French, but moderately high, and there were three sets of V-shaped straps that buttoned across the instep. Sercombe examined it curiously. A slipper like that expressed the character of the person who had purchased it. It was dainty, effective, distinctive, not extreme, designed for comfort and yet perfect in style. It seemed ridiculously small for a woman's foot. Finally he let conjecture slip into acceptance of the chance that had tossed it to him, and fell asleep with it under his pillow. In the morning he decided he would play the Prince and go on a still hunt for his sleeper Cinderella.

He rose early. The train was scheduled to arrive in St. Louis at 7:30 o'clock and he had no intention of letting Cinderella run away. One by one the berths were made up, and he scanned the occupants eagerly. Five ladies appeared. After a careful, judicious survey Sercombe settled on the owner of the slipper. He felt positive that she was the only one who could possibly wear such a slipper.

She was in section seven. He could see her head and its masses of reddish-brown hair, the fluffiest, waviest, most willful hair he remembered ever having seen. He noticed, also, that she did not rise and having sauntered casually up and down the aisle, he saw that her gray silk traveling cloak covered her feet completely. It was almost 7:30 o'clock. Sercombe took the slipper from his side coat pocket and paused at section seven.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but I think I have your slipper."

Before Sercombe could speak he went on apologetically: "You see, I had the upper berth across from you. Some one disturbed the peace last night by playing a nocturne on their nasal organ, understand? I thought that it was you, sir, and took the liberty of throwing one of my samples at you to break the spell. This morning I found out that it wasn't you at all. It was the old boy in the lower berth. No offense! Have a cigar? I just had one with the old boy to square matters."

While Sercombe hesitated old man Griswold came leisurely down the aisle, and put out his hand.

"Hello, Archie. Didn't waste any time getting down, did you? Thought we'd get in a little ahead of you and start things moving. Flora, this is Archie Griswold, manager of our St. Louis branch. He's a first-class fellow. No? Then come home with us!"

Four months later Sercombe, junior partner of the firm of Griswold, Sercombe & Co., sent an order to one J. Wilcox Wood, shoe salesman of St. Louis, for a pair of bridal slippers, duplicates in white kid of a certain other pair that had changed the current of fate for him, and this time he had the satisfaction of fitting them himself on the feet of Flora Griswold, his Cinderella.—(Copyright, 1905, by Izola Forrester.)

JAPANESE KNOTS.

ANSWERS.

MALARIA—W., City. Malaria is not Spanish; it is Italian and means bad air.

STANDARD OF TIME—N. N. S., City. The official time for San Francisco is that for the standard of the 120th meridian. It makes no difference where the time is taken, at the United States Naval Observatory at Mare Island or the Mt. Hamilton Observatory. The time ball in San Francisco is dropped on the time furnished from the observatory at Mare Island.

ST. LOUIS FAIR—Many Correspondents, City and Country. The following is the official list of admissions, paid and free, at the St. Louis Fair, recently closed:

April 30 and May Paid. Free. Total.  
1,382,865 1,016,281 2,399,146  
July 1,814,743 928,224 2,742,967  
August 2,022,218 1,096,408 3,118,626  
September 2,683,511 968,262 3,651,773  
October 2,738,146 864,180 3,602,326  
Nov. and Dec. 1,595,228 914,128 2,509,356  
Totals.....12,804,816 6,890,239 19,695,055

WASH LEATHER.—Subscriber, City. Wash leather is the name applied to a soft pliable leather, dressed with oil in such a way that it may be washed without shrinking. It is used for various articles of underwear, also for rubbing silverware and metals that take a high polish. The article that is known as chamouis or shammy is also called wash leather.

COCHINEAL.—Subscriber, City. Cochineal is a color procured from the cochineal insect (coccus cacti), which feeds upon the leaves of several species of the cactus, and which is supposed to derive its coloring matter from the food it partakes of. Its natural color is crimson, but by the addition of a preparation of potash it yields a rich scarlet dye.

Townsend's California Glace fruits in artistic free-streched boxes. 715 Market St.\*

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A BROKEN DREAM.

AS she came down the stair  
In a cloud of misty tulle,  
The heated ballroom air  
Seemed swept by an incense cool.  
Full many a callous heart,  
Weary and world worn there,  
To quicker pulse did start  
As she came down the stair!

Down drifting through the air,  
Clad in a cloud of white,  
I fancied a seraph there,  
With pinions plumed for flight.  
Haggard and old had grown  
Faces I fancied fair,  
In the light of that lily unblown,  
The vision upon the stair!

Then enchanted in every sense,  
Breathing a perfume rare,  
The fragrance of innocence  
And the happy flowers in her hair,  
I tripped on that dreamful dress,  
Well, imagine my deep despair!  
For we floored a dozen, I guess,  
Tobogganing down the stair!

—New York Herald.